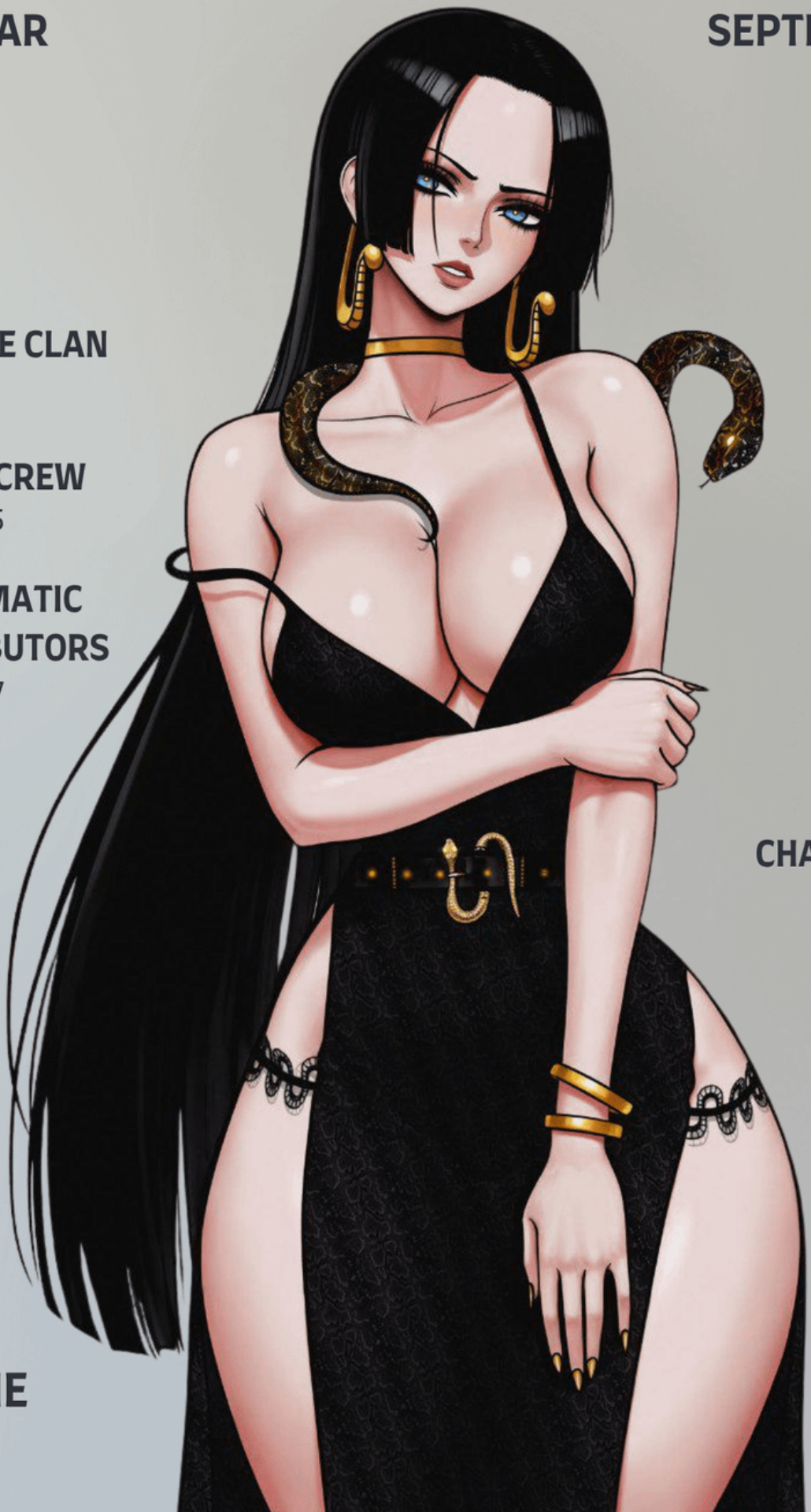
OTAKU

BHASKAR

SEPTEMBER 2025



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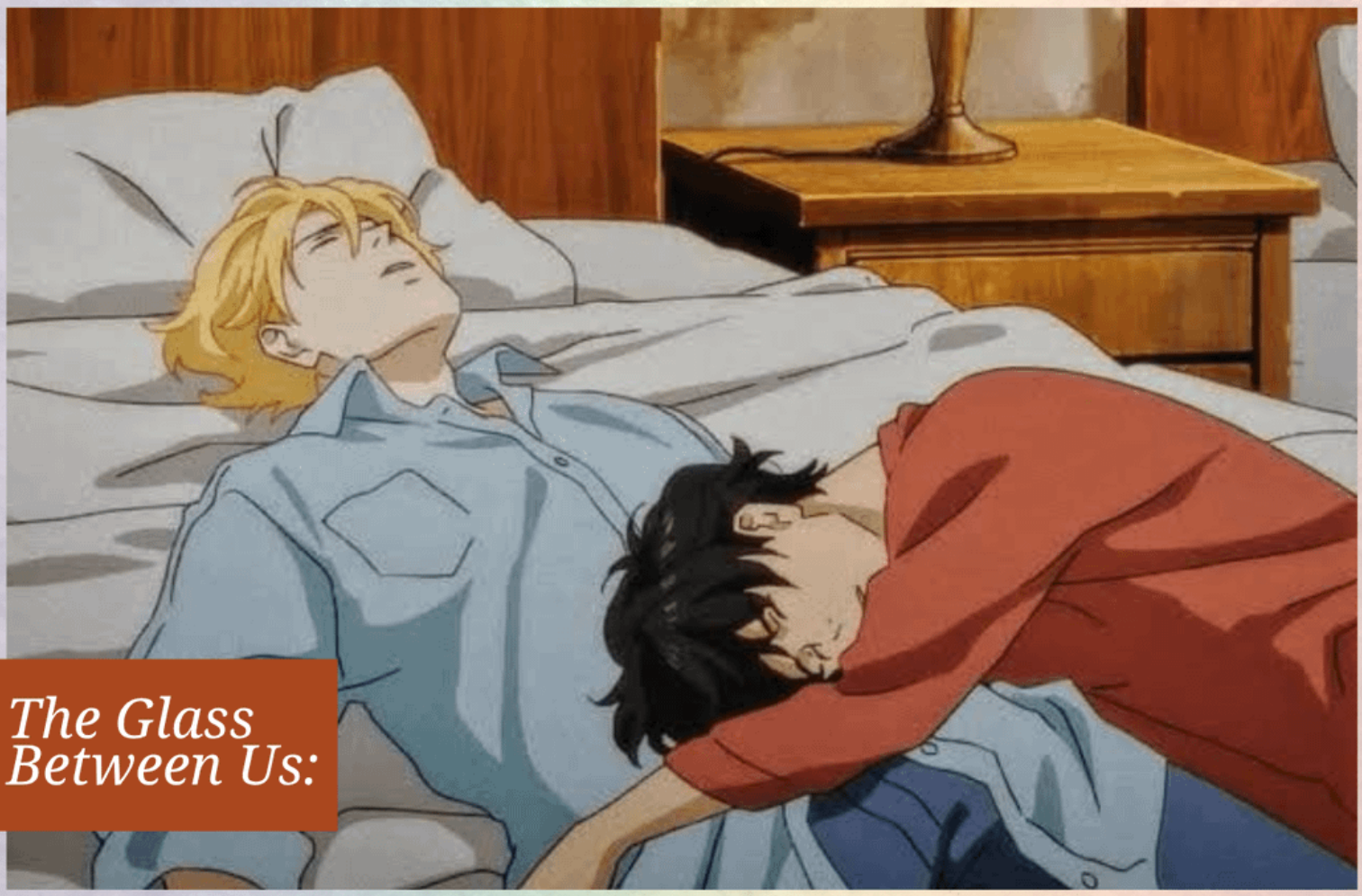


The Glass Between Us:

UNSEEN, UNLOVED & UNFORGOTTEN

By- u/Son_of_Saturn07

Logan had always thought Urban's presence felt like winter sunlight—cold, thin, and yet irresistible, as if it belonged to a season that could not truly sustain life but still drew one toward it.

That afternoon in the library, where shadows lengthened across the tiled floor and dust swam like ghosts in the air, Logan leaned over Urban's shoulder and let their breaths nearly collide. A page turned. Their fingers brushed. And Logan felt the inevitable descent begin.

"Too close," Urban murmured without looking up. His voice was low and careful, as though words themselves might fracture under the weight of feeling.

"Too late," Logan replied. He didn't move back.

From the corner of the room, Ankush watched with eyes that burnt not with admiration but with betrayal. For weeks, he had been orbiting Urban like a jealous planet, keeping distance but studying every gesture—the curve of his hand when he wrote, the faint twitch of a smile when Logan spoke. Ankush had convinced himself he knew Urban more intimately than anyone could. Yet here was Logan, taking the closeness he had dreamed of. Ankush's hands clenched around a book he hadn't read.

Later that evening, outside the bar where Mikey and Arthur laughed with Emily and Nathan about trivialities, Ankush waited in the rain.

He saw Logan and Urban slip out together, their silhouettes pressed under one umbrella. The umbrella leaned, almost conspiratorially, toward Logan's shoulder. Urban's laughter was swallowed by the street, but Ankush felt it echo inside him like an insult. He followed them. Of course he did.

Logan's apartment was dim, a single lamp cutting a yellow wound through the darkness. Urban stood near the window, watching the rain blur the city. Logan closed the door, hesitated, then moved toward him."You don't have to stay," Logan whispered, though his body betrayed the invitation opposite to his words.

Urban turned, his eyes deep pools where refusal drowned. "And if I want to? "Logan didn't answer. Instead, he closed the gap between them and touched Urban's wrist. The simple gesture set fire to the silence. Their lips met—hesitant first, then fevered, an unspoken promise and a confession at once. Logan felt the world collapse into that single kiss: fragile, destructive, inexorable. Urban let out a sound, half-pain, half-surrender.

And outside, on the wet pavement below, Ankush's shadow lingered. He had followed, unseen, pressed against the brick wall of the building, his heart galloping with rage and despair. He imagined bursting in, tearing Logan from Urban, and confessing his own hunger. But cowardice and calculation bound his limbs.

He remained the observer, the silent accuser. Days slid into a pattern of fever. Logan and Urban stole moments—in lecture halls, empty stairwells, and once, disastrously, in Emily's kitchen when no one was supposed to be home. The kisses multiplied like a secret language. Logan felt himself unravelling, but he welcomed the unravelling.

Ankush, meanwhile, scribbled in notebooks no one saw. Words poured out: accusations, prayers, fantasies of revenge. He followed them to cafés, the park, and even Nathan's birthday gathering, where Urban, drunk and incandescent, pressed his forehead to Logan's and whispered something Ankush could not hear. Ankush could not breathe. He staggered outside, his own hypocrisy heavy in his throat—he had told Urban once, months ago, that he valued friendship above all, that he was incapable of such "trivial passions". Yet here he was, consumed by them, the very thing he condemned.

Arthur was the first to notice. "Ankush, you're not sleeping, are you?" he asked one evening. Ankush laughed, sharp as broken glass. "Who can sleep when lies bloom around them?" Arthur frowned. Emily exchanged worried glances with Mikey. But no one could touch the fever that had already lodged inside Ankush's chest. The climax arrived one storm-lashed night.

Logan and Urban, drenched and reckless, stumbled into Logan's room. Their mouths met before words could. The kiss was urgent, desperate, and almost violent in its need. Urban pulled back, his breath ragged."This is dangerous," he whispered.

"So is breathing," Logan said, pulling him in again.

At that moment, Ankush pushed the door open. His face was pale, eyes gleaming with the hysteria of one who has watched too long from shadows. The lovers froze, breath caught.

"You," Ankush spat, pointing at Logan. "You stole him." His voice cracked. "You pretended to be his saviour, but you're nothing. Urban—tell me you don't see it. Tell me you don't feel betrayed."

Urban's lips parted, but no words came. Logan's arm tightened around him as if to shield him from Ankush's fury.

"You followed us," Logan said slowly. "All this time."

“Yes!” Ankush shouted, chest heaving. “Because he belongs to me! Because I knew him before you did, because I understand—”

His words tangled, lost in a sob. “And yet… You two kissed as though the world were yours to destroy.” For a long moment, silence strangled the room. Only the storm outside gave voice. Urban finally spoke. His voice was soft, unbearably tender.

“Ankush… no one belongs to anyone.” Those words shattered Ankush more deeply than rejection. He stepped back, trembling, as if the ground itself betrayed him. The hypocrisy of his obsession—claiming love while suffocating it—stood naked. He turned and fled into the storm.

Weeks later, Logan still woke in the night, tasting the bitterness of that confrontation. Urban, lying beside him, would trace his back with quiet fingers.

Their love had not grown easier—if anything, it deepened into something more perilous, like walking a bridge that might collapse at any moment. But Logan could not imagine stepping off it.

And somewhere, unseen, Ankush remained—stalking not their footsteps now but his own unravelling, trapped between devotion and destruction, his notebooks filling with words no one else would read.

The city moved on. The rain kept falling. And the kiss—the first one, the desperate one, the ones yet to come—lingered in their veins like a secret poison they had chosen willingly.

स्याह इश्क़:

पोथी पढ़ि पढ़ि जग मुआ, पंडित भया न कोय, ढाई आखर प्रेम का, पढ़े सो पंडित होय।

By- u/HastaaMithoon

सुबह की सुनहरी धूप में ओस की बूंदों-सी चमकती उसकी भीगी ज़ुल्फ़ें, सावन की काली घटाओं-सी काली उसकी आँखें। भला कोई कैसे अपने होश न खोए? चंद लफ़्ज़ों में उसके हुस्न की खूबसूरती का बयान कैसे करे? मैं लिखता रहूँ, वो चोरी-चुपके मुझे देख कर मुस्कुराती रहे... अपनी धड़कन पर अब काबू खो बैठा हूँ, डर है वो उन्हें सुन कर घबरा न जाए! कहने को तो बहुत कुछ है मेरे पास, पर उसे देख कर मेरी कलम मेरी साँसों से भी ज़्यादा भारी हो जाती है। लोग सच ही कहते हैं कि प्यार हमें दीवाना बना देता है।

दिसंबर की वो सर्द रात, जब मेरे ख़याल मुझसे कुछ खफ़ा हो बैठे थे। हज़ारों कोशिशों के बाद भी मैं कुछ लिखने में नाकाम रहा।

कमरे की फ़र्श पर पड़े हुए वो फटे काग़ज़, उन काग़ज़ों में क़ैद कई कहानियाँ जो अधूरी थीं, जिन्हें तलाश थी निष्कर्ष की।

ठंड में कपकपाते मेरे हाथ, मेरा जलता हुआ लहू और मेरा बेचैन मन—जो हार मान ही लेता अगर उस एक इंस्टाग्राम नोटिफ़िकेशन पर मेरा ध्यान न जाता।

"कैनन"

मैंने उस मैसेज को 2 मिनट देखा, फिर गौर किया कि मैंने उससे पूछा था—"तुम्हारे पास कौन-सा कैमरा है?"

"कभी हमारी भी कोई तस्वीर क्लिक करना" यह कह कर मुझे खुद पर ही हँसी आ गई।

"क्यों नहीं" उसने कहा।

उसके एक मैसेज को देख कर मैं शर्म से लाल हो गया।

"तो हम कब मिलें?" मैंने हिम्मत करके उससे पूछा।

"जब तुम कहो" उसने जवाब दिया।

-४ डिग्री की ठंड में भी मैं पसीने से भीग गया।

"कल मिलें?" मेरे कुछ कहने से पहले ही उसका मैसेज आ गया था।

"ठीक है" मैंने खुद को सँभालते हुए उसे जवाब दिया।

उस गुड नाइट मैसेज के बाद मानो मेरी नींद ही खो गई...

अपनी रज़ाई की सिलवटों से लड़ता, करवटें बदलता, मैं अपने बिस्तर में सुबह होने का इंतज़ार कर ही रहा था कि मैंने देखा सुबह के ४ बज चुके हैं... वो मुझसे ९ बजे मिलने वाली थी...

मैंने अपना फ़ोन देखा, उसने लोकेशन भेजा था...

जल्दबाज़ी में मैं उससे मिलने पहुँचा...

काले सलवार-कमीज़ में वो मेरी तरफ चल कर आ रही थी... नरम हवाएँ मानो उसे देख कर अपना रुख मोड़ चुकी थीं...

कोई काले कपड़ों में इतना खूबसूरत कैसे लग सकता है? मैं उसे देखता रहा... वो मेरे क़रीब आकर मेरे बगल में बैठ गई... उसने शरमाते हुए अपना हाथ मेरे हाथ पर रख दिया...

मैंने कभी सोचा नहीं था कि जिसे हमेशा मैं स्कूल में देखा करता था, वो एक दिन मेरे साथ बैठी होगी... मैंने धीरे से उसका हाथ अपने हाथ में ले लिया, और स्कूल के वो सभी दृश्य मेरी आँखों के सामने आ गए...

फिर बातें बढ़ीं, मुलाकातें बढ़ीं और देखते ही देखते हमारी दोस्ती गहरी हो गई और हम एक-दूसरे को चाहने लगे...

कुछ महीने बीते और सावन का महीना आ गया...

अब वो मेरी हर कविता, हर कहानी का हिस्सा बन चुकी है...

लोग कहते हैं जहाँ प्यार है वहाँ तकरार भी है... रूठने-मनाने का सिलसिला हमारा भी खूब चलता है... किसी दिन बारिश में भीग जाने के कारण मुझे सर्दी हो गई, और वो मुझसे नाराज़ हो बैठी है... कुछ लिखने की कोशिश कर रहा हूँ, पर शब्द कम पड़ रहे हैं...

अब्र के अंधियारे कुछ ऐसे ऐंठे हैं,
शायद वो हमसे ख़फ़ा हो बैठे हैं।
ये गरजती फ़िज़ाएँ, ये काली घटाएँ,
मदहोश कर देती हैं तेरी दिलकश निगाहें।
वो तेरी नज़रें चुराने की कोशिशें,
यूँ मुझे बेचैन कर देने की साजिशें,
जानता हूँ मैं ये फरेबी, मलामत करने की सिफ़ारिशें।
रहोगी कब तक ख़शम आलूद,
क्यों है अपने ही हिस से बेसूद?
थोड़ा तो इश्क़ है तुझ में भी मौजूद,
ये तो ज़माने से भी न है मशहूद।

आशा करता हूँ, यह उसे पसंद आए...

The Unhidden Leaf Village:

UNIMAGINABLE, UNHINGED AND UNWANTED

By- u/MaushichiTaang

When we talk about anime, the name "Naruto" would get mentioned at least once. No anime-related conversations can go without mentioning this particular anime. Some people say Naruto will change your perspective towards life, and it will change your life. It gives you a glimpse of eternal truth and whatnot.

We can't disagree that we don't have a love-hate relationship with Naruto. For some, it's a masterpiece that teaches us the way of life; for some, it's total trash.

Today I'll be writing about my late-night thoughts about this anime, so bear with me. While thinking about a good topic to write about, the first idea that came to my mind was, could there be another ending of Naruto? Many people come up with various theories about several anime, including One Piece and Naruto. So, here's mine.

After winning "the great ninja war", Naruto becomes the Hokage, but he changes with time. After getting married and having kids, he realised that his real passion and love is to eat ramen, so he took cookery classes from Teuchi, the founder of Ichiraku Ramen, and started his own hotel in the Leaf Village, where he started cooking ramen with real dedication and fed everyone, his wife Hinata became an actress.

Sakura started to misuse her knowledge about herbs and started selling meth to the villagers, which started to ruin the reputation of the village and her husband, Sasuke, who is also the counsellor of the village.

Sasuke realises that he has PTSD, and while trying to get over it, he thinks of helping other people overcome their traumas, so he becomes a psychotherapist. But due to his previous doings, his temper issues, and the "emo boy image", the people of Konoha are too scared to visit him for therapy.

Ino became a fashion designer, and her husband, Sai, helped her out with managing their fashion studio together.

Kiba and Shino opened a zoo where they collected all the rare animals and insects.

Shikamaru became a househusband, whereas Temari became a gangster.

Tenten decided that she needed to learn more about weapons and went on a world tour.

Rock Lee becomes the new Hokage and does the needful duties under the guidance of Orochimaru, who possesses the body of Might Guy, and marries Kakashi.

Choji opens a gym where he helps people to stay fit, and Teuchi, the ramen guy, turns out to be Danzo's twin brother.

Gaara opens a hair salon, and Tsunade starts a massage parlour.

The story ends with my wild imagination... The hidden leaf village isn't hidden anymore; it flourishes with the quirky cast of characters, where the only thing that matters is their pursuit of passion.

When Rain Changed Fate:

A CHANCE ENCOUNTER, A LIFETIME OF MEMORIES

By- u/logan-cycle-809

I think it was the end of June 2018 when I saw her for the first time. Before that, I had seen her in my friends' stories for quite some time, but never in person. I was waiting for a cab to take me to the airport for my new job. She was there with her friend, shielding herself from the rain and cursing it because she was late for some event she was excited about. It looked like she had even bought a new outfit for it, but the rain had ruined it, or that's what she thought.

From my point of view, she looked stunning. Even her drenched hairs were looking classy.

That day, she was wearing a kurta that suited her perfectly. Her smile, the way she carried herself, her voice, everything about her was like a drug, and it was very new to me. Love and stuff like that had been a luxury I could never afford, given my family background. I was still in my struggling phase, though I had finally secured a campus placement that could change everything for me. I was excited about my future, but this moment felt special.

My cab arrived and I had to leave. I looked at her one last time, thinking I might never see her again, and went on my way.

Three years passed since that moment. Many life-changing events had happened to me in that time. I had even come close to death, but I survived.

I worked on myself, though several health complications began to appear, some of which could still be fatal. I kept fighting and so far it was working.

One day, I went to a friend's house party. There weren't many people, just six or seven, and among them was Anna. Since the group was small, we decided to sit in a circle and share personal stories. I was quite introverted back then, so it felt awkward. My friend sat beside me and whispered, "If you don't do this, I'll kill you." I obeyed.

Everyone shared happy moments, foreign trips, new purchases, and yadda... yadda. I didn't have anything like that to share. I was still a struggling individual, trying to find my place in society. The only story worth mentioning was how I had once been at death's doorstep. So I shared that.

Everyone became sad and started offering sympathy, which I honestly didn't like, though I didn't show it. After the round of stories, people began chatting in smaller groups. I sat in a corner on the sofa, enjoying the food. That's when someone came and sat beside me. It was her.

I thought about starting a conversation but decided against it. But, she initiated the conversation, saying, "Everyone was giving you sympathy, but you didn't like it, right?" I laughed and asked, "Was it that obvious?" She replied, "Yes, it was. I think no one noticed except me and your friend."

We started talking, sharing little things about ourselves, and the conversation continued. As the party came to an end, people began leaving. I decided to stay over since it was late and my friend's place was very far from mine. My friend was fine with it, as it wasn't unusual for me to stay there. Hearing this, she also decided to stay. I thought to myself "Yayy! I'll get to spend some more time with her."

We talked the whole night without realizing when we dozed off. In the morning, my friend found us sleeping side by side on the sofa. She took a picture and woke us up. We felt embarrassed after looking at it. We had some coffee and breakfast together. And as I was about to leave, she asked if I could drop her off. I happily agreed.

A few weeks passed. Work kept me busy, but I still thought about her. One day, I asked my friend for her number and sent her a "Hi." She didn't reply for almost three hours, and I assumed she had forgotten me. Then my phone buzzed. It was her.

"Hey there," she wrote. "You must be quite busy if it took you three weeks to finally reach out. I thought you'd forgotten about me."

I was surprised, as I wasn't expacting this. We chatted for a while, then moved to voice calls, which soon became a daily routine. Eventually, we switched to video calls, sometimes staying connected all day.

One fine day, we decided to meet for coffee. She looked incredible, and I couldn't stop staring. She noticed and teased, "Am I looking that good that you can't take your eyes off me?" Startled, I replied, "You bet. I could stare at you all day and never get tired of it." She blushed.

After coffee, we went to a garden she had always wanted to visit. We spent three to four hours there, talking about random things and taking pictures of her, which she loved.

On the way back, she clung to me. It was rainy and cold, yet I felt warm because of her, it was just, amazing! I dropped her near her home, but since the rain had stopped, we decided to sit in a park nearby. Despite the busy street, I couldn't hear anything other then her, it felt like we were the only two people in the world. We talked like this for a while.

At one point, silence fell between us. The street was empty, it only two of us there. We looked into each other's eyes, slowly closing the distance. There was no rush, both of us took our time. And, When our lips finally met, it was magical, soft, tense, surreal. Suddenly, we heard a passing car, and pulled away, awkward but happy. She hugged me tightly and said goodbye.

Even before I reached home, she texted, "You reached?" I replied yes. After five minutes of silence, I messaged, "I had a really great time today. That moment was magical, and I'd love to experience it again and again."

After a pause, she replied, "I thought you'd never say this. I've liked you for quite a while but couldn't express it. I guess today was your lucky day. I finally expressed it through action. I love you so much."

I was so happy I started jumping on my bed, waking my parents and earning a scolding. My reply was simple. "I love you."

This is how I met her. Will I get a happy ending, or will life play a cruel game with me? Stay tuned for the next part.

CRAFTY CREW: TOP 8 MOST LOVED ARTISTS

U/ONE-DOCUMENT-4090

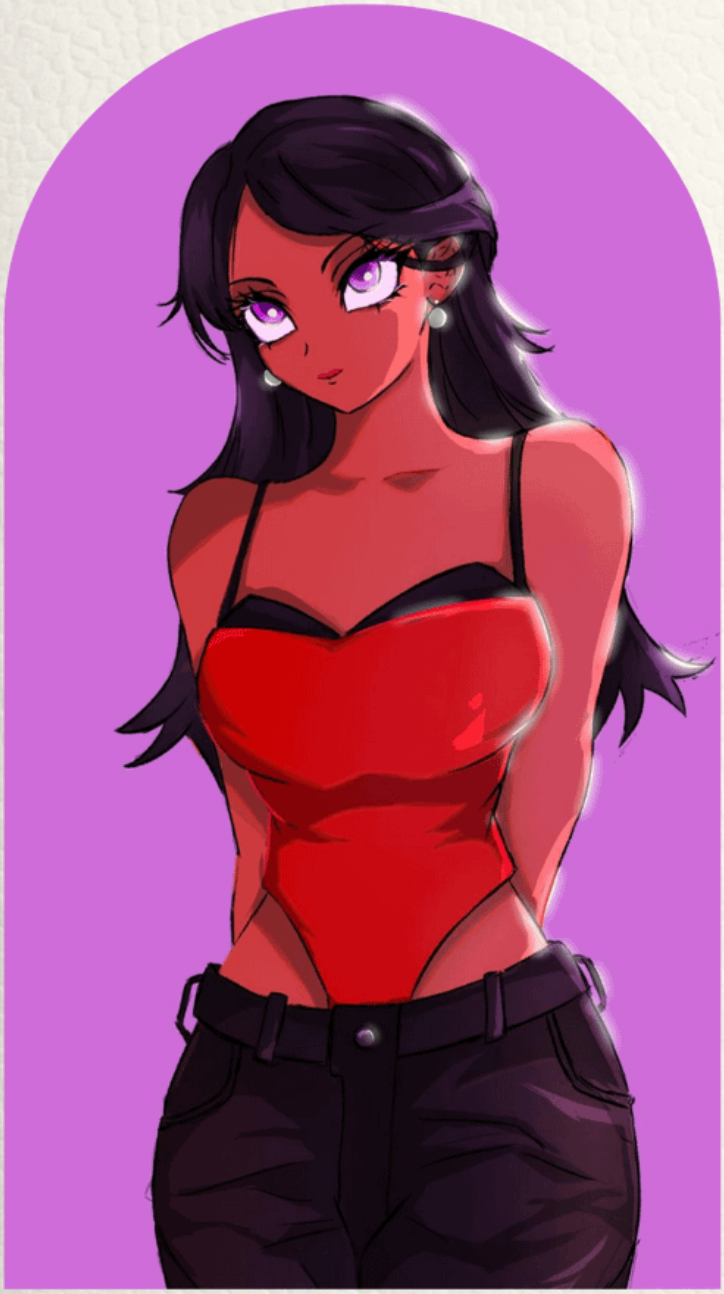
U/CODENAME_--47

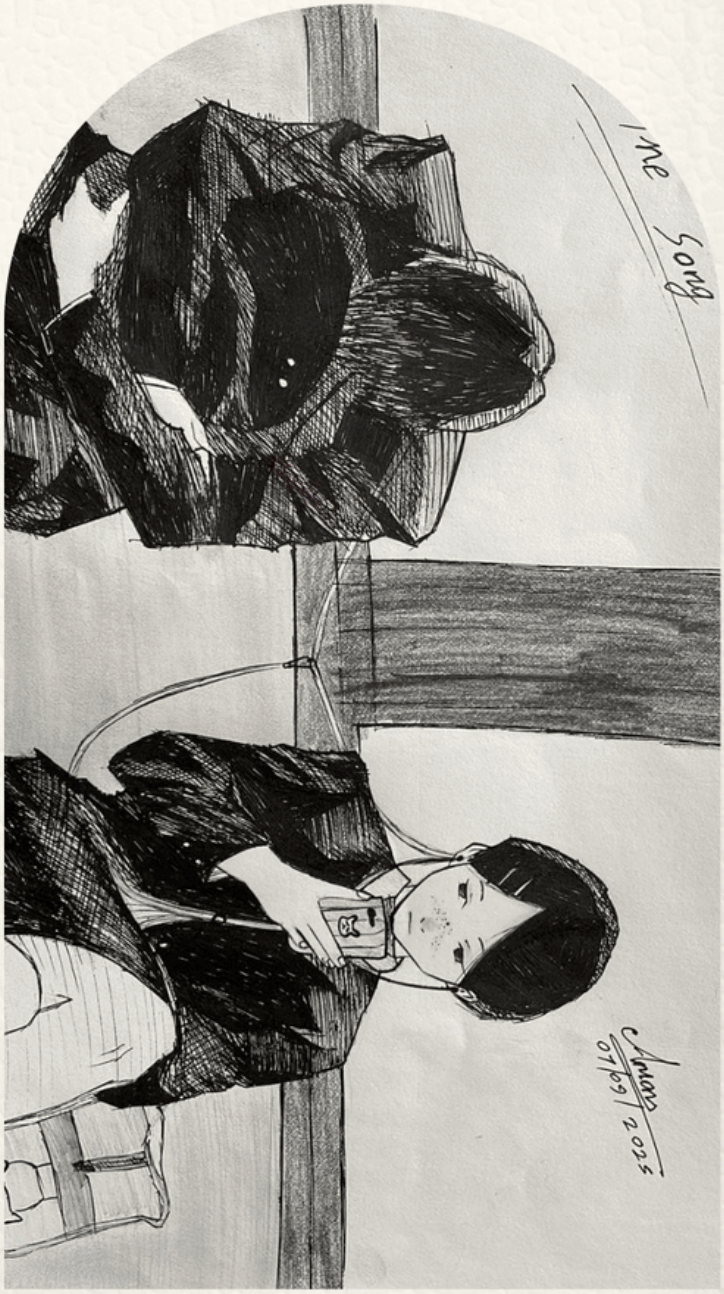
CRAFTY CREW: TOP 8 MOST LOVED ARTISTS

U/SIMON-THEDIGGER

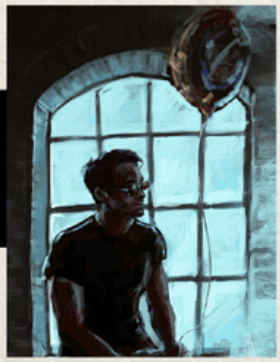
U/OWN_COFFEE2051

CRAFTY CREW: TOP 8 MOST LOVED ARTISTS





U/DJPRASAD69



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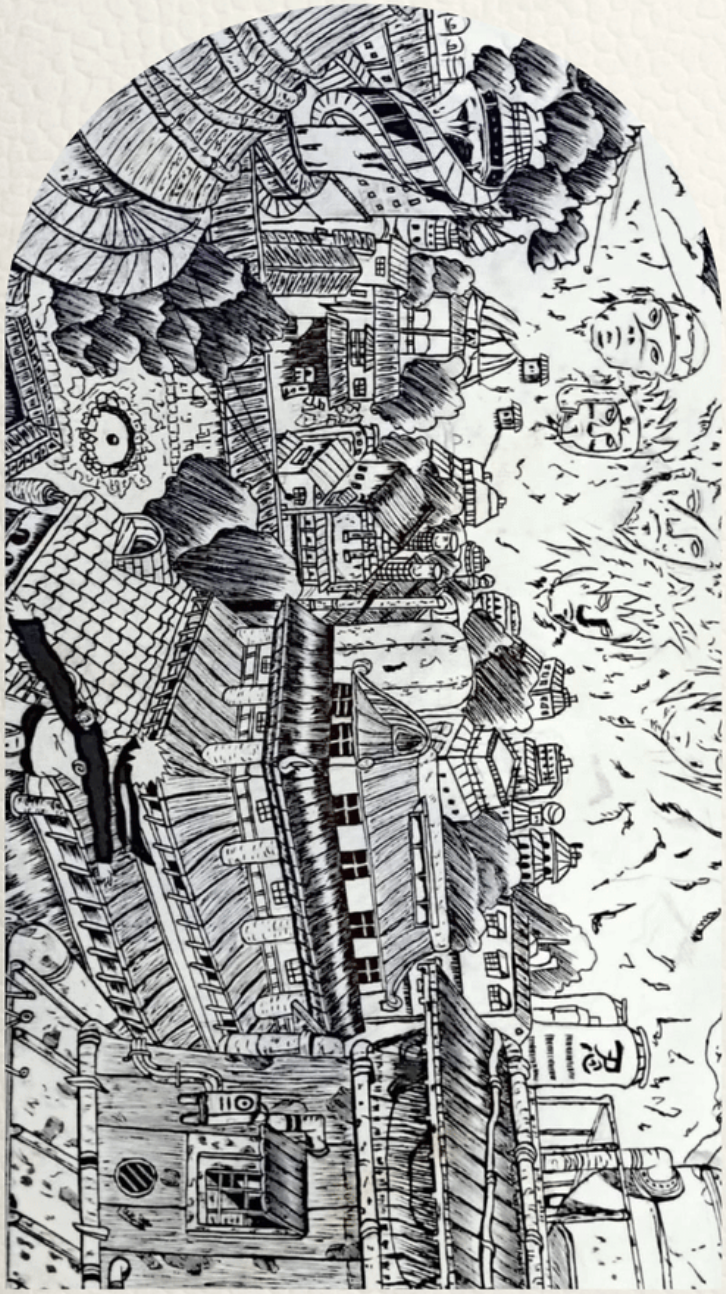
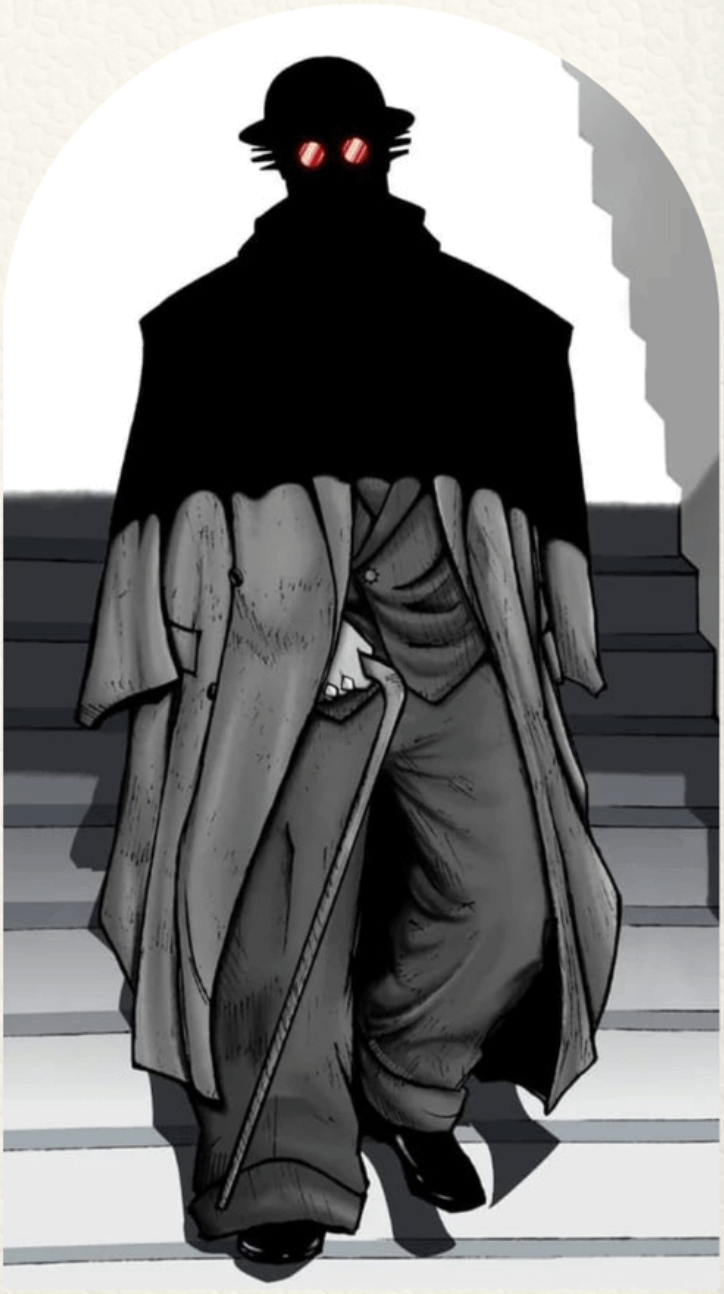
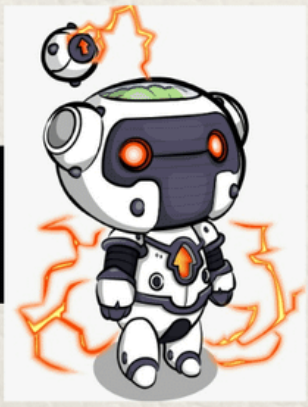
CRAFTY CREW: TOP 8 MOST LOVED ARTISTS





U/SOUMYASENPAI



U/ASTROSAILOR69

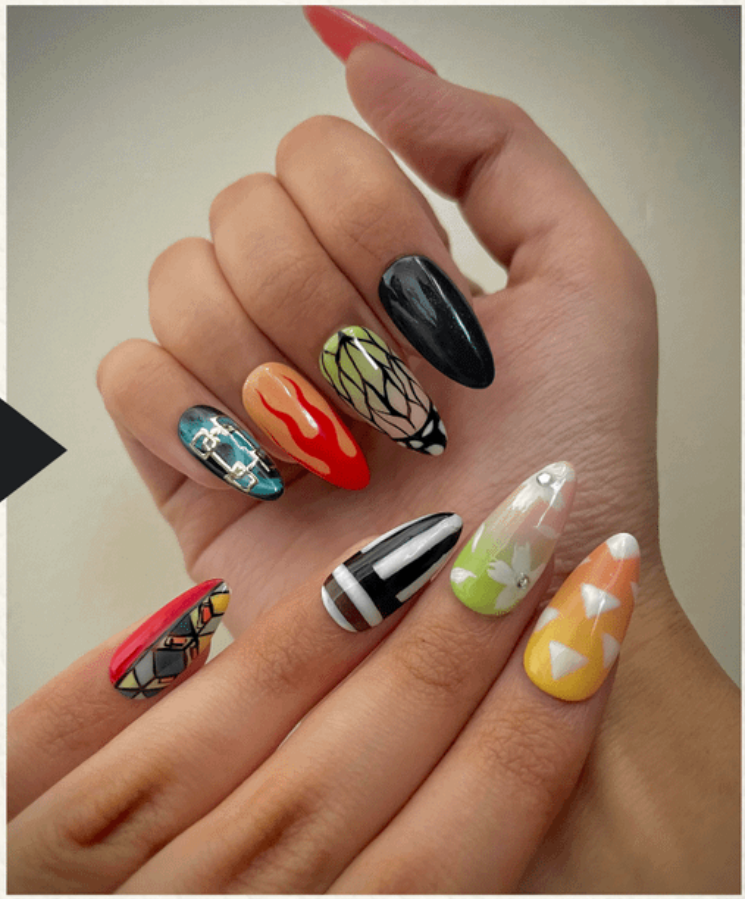
CHARISMATIC CONTRIBUTORS: TOP 4 POSTS

U/KNIGHTOFSTEEL-KOS SHARED A PIC WHERE HIS MOM FOUND A FLOWER-DECORATED NARUTO AT A FAIR AND IT'S BECOME A HILARIOUS STORY! GUESS THE FAIR WAS LIT!

U/TYPICAL_07 WRITES ABOUT HOW CARTOON NETWORK HINDI DUB CHANGED THE PERSPECTIVE OF INDIAN ANIME VIEWERS AND MADE IT POPULAR TODAY

CHARISMATIC CONTRIBUTORS: TOP 4 POSTS

U/PLANE-FOLD1753 SHOWS OFF HER STUNNING PRESS-ON NAILS, PERFECTLY THEMED FOR THE DEMON SLAYER MOVIE!
NAIL GAME ON POINT!



YOU WON'T BELIEVE THE ART! U/SCARY_AIDE7247 SHARED A POST FEATURING THE GRAPHIC NOVEL "PARASHURAM: BLOOD AND DHARMA" BY VRINDAKAVI STUDIOS AND THE VISUALS ARE MIND-BLOWING!

CINEMATIC COSPLAYS

U/AMEOWCHI

U/GOTHOUTOFWATER

CINEMATIC COSPLAYS

U/BRAVOSIX98

U/NOHOVERCRAFT4339

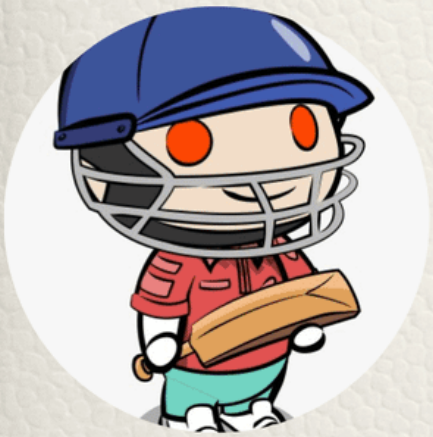
Chaotic Cluster

And the Award for the Most Forgettable Enthusiast Goes To... Congratulations! You've officially won the Award for Most Enthusiastic Online Presence (That Nobody Remembers)!

U/AFFECTIONATE_GEAR394

U/COOL-ELDERBERRY5449

U/STARCONSTELLATION-IV



U/NOVA01DEVIL

U/MINIMUM-MEAT7266

U/DUM_RICEBAG

Your tireless, yet utterly invisible, efforts are truly commendable. Keep up the high-volume, low-impact chatting—maybe one day, a single brain cell on the server will retain your username. Until then, enjoy your thrilling life as our beloved background noise!